THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (ISAIAH 9: 6).

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THE TWO QUARRELSOME NEIGHBORS.

BY KARL EMIL FRANZOS.

ONCE upon a time, that dreadful time, when the police had not yet been invented, two men dwelt in an uncultivated region. The name of one was Hinz; that of the other was Kunz.

Although the farms on which each lived with wife and children, beast, and fowl, were situated only an hour's walk from each other, and although there were no other human dwellings in the neighborhood, the men were not neighborly, and each considered the days the happiest, on which he saw and heard nothing of the other. Each plowed his own field and hunted in his own forest. But such peaceful days were generally enjoyed only when the worthy farmers and their families had beaten each other to a frazzle, torn the clothes from head to foot in the melee, and perhaps destroyed half of the crop in the fields. After this had been attended to and each returned home with honor and glory, there was a period of peace, but it took very little to kindle again the old fires of hatred.

It is true that the fight was not renewed without some plausible pretense; but such a one could always be found with but little effort. Hinz went, for instance, out hunting, armed with bow and spear. He met, let us say, Kunz, who was about to let his oxen into the field.

"Good morning," says Kunz, with a dark countenance; for only recently they had fought a battle because neither would be the first to greet the other. Now Kunz wanted peace, and he said, "Good morning."

Hinz, too, wanted peace, and therefore he managed to reply.

But he said, "Good day," for he would not use the same words of greeting that had just passed the lips of Kunz.

Kunz felt the pinprick, but he mastered his feelings. "I understand," he said; "but we will say nothing about it to-day."

"Why is not to-day as good as to-morrow?" asked Hinz. "What do you mean, anyhow?"

"Do not pretend that you do not know," was the retort of Kunz. "What you meant to say was that to you this hour belongs to the day, while to me, who is a lazy beggar, it is still morning. But I will let you know that I have already done my work in the field and have time to go hunting, while you have only now let your oxen out of the stable. Oh, I understand your insinuations all right."

"Well," said Hinz, "if you understand them, admit the truth of them."

"Truth! Never!" was the emphatic exclamation of Kunz, and when Hinz lifted his arm, Kunz made a similar gesture, but he held a whip in his uplifted hand, whereupon Hinz took a firmer grip on his spear, and presently Kunz fell, bleeding, to the ground. A few hours later the sons of Kunz avenged their father, and the next day Hinz's boys paid back all scores with interest.

Another and worse conflict ensued when Hans, the eldest son of Hinz, called Kurt, the eldest son of Kunz, a "blonde." Kurt retaliated by calling Hans "black." The conflict that had its origin in this exchange of intolerable insults lasted a fortnight, and at the end of it there were many broken arms and legs, and large areas of grain had been trodden down.

All this was, naturally, a source of loss to both parties, and we must not suppose that Hinz and Kunz were so blinded by hatred of each other that they did not realize it. But each of them found comfort in the thought that he could not help that God had given him such a stubborn neighbor, and that the other one was to blame for beginning the quarrel by indulging in such insulting remarks as "good day," or "blonde." Besides, none of them was fatally hurt, although it was but with a great deal of care that they regained, during the periods of tranquillity, strength enough for another bout, and as for the damage done to field and orchards, this was in a measure repaired, between the combats, although not without trouble and great sacrifices. The sons married and settled near the homesteads of their fathers, and thus every year new areas were brought under cultivation. The herds and flocks increased, prosperity attended their efforts, and after a while, each household consisted of at least fifty souls. If there had not been such hatred between the two neighbors, each might have had a numerous posterity and a great deal of prosperity before their hair had turned gray; but they could see no escape from the conditions that prevailed, no matter how long they brooded over their troubles.

One day there seemed to be a way opened to reconciliation. Hinz's black Hans fell in love with Kunz's blonde Gretchen. For some time all was well, but the day came when the public announcement of the engagement was to be made. During the evening the father of the bride, unfortunately, happened to make this ill-considered remark, "Your son has a very striking resemblance to you, Hinz," whereupon this gentleman indignantly retorted, "And your daughter looks like you, Kunz." After such an exchange of insults, words were insufficient to stem the pent-up tide of bad feelings, and the engagement was, of course, broken off.

Such episodes occurred time and again, and there was no prospect of any change in the existing conditions.

One day there came to the neighborhood of these fighting farmers a stranger from the peaceful part of the country, where the people lived under the protection of laws, courts, and a police force. He was an old man, who called himself Humanus. He seemed to be endowed with many virtues. He certainly felt sympathy for the two neighbors when he became aware of the situation, and he decided to endeavor to make an end of the feud.

"Tell me," he said to Hinz, "are you not ashamed, at your age, to go among people with a face disfigured by the fist of Kunz? And do you suppose that it is pleasing in the sight of the Lord that one of your boys is lame, another minus a finger, and still another without some teeth, all as a result of fights with your neighbor's boys? Or, do you sow your grain in order to give Kunz something to destroy at the time of harvest? Very well," he added, "do not treat Kunz and his boys as you have treated them, and there will be no more conflicts."

Humanus lectured Kunz in the same way. He pointed to the bump on that sturdy farmer's head, as he had spoken to Hinz of his disfigured face.

At the end of a week, Hinz and Kunz agreed to fight no more. They did so, partly because they were really good-natured, partly because, for once, they were inclined to listen to reason, and partly because they were tired of listening to peace speeches. But Humanus had gained his point, and it was, finally, agreed that they should all meet under a great oak that grew near the boundary line of the two estates, and hold a peace congress.

Everything was lovely. Hinz and Kunz solemnly swore, for themselves and their respective houses, never to do each other any harm, until Humanus himself should release them from the obligation of that oath. The festivities of the occasion lasted till evening, and both parties were visibly affected by drink; but it must be said to their credit that not a cross word passed between them. It was a severe test, but they endured it nobly. Peace seemed to have been established, and Humanus departed, full of joy and deeply affected, promising to return before long, but

determined never to come back, for fear they should ask him to release them from their oath.

This was, of course, very fine diplomacy; but no sooner had Hnmanns departed than the two men, who felt the loss of their usual pastime, began to feel lonesome, and in this mood each wondered whether his neighbor had really meant to keep peace, or whether he had not merely plotted with the old stranger, to throw the other party off his guard and lull him to sleep.

"Well," Hinz thought, "in that scheme Kunz will not succeed." Having made this resolve, he detailed one of his best and most reliable hired men to keep an eye upon his neighbor's farm, and all that happened upon it. This fellow took up that duty, and before long he could report the singular circumstance that Kunz had a foreman constantly busy, as it appeared, near Hinz's estate. This was true, for Kunz had conceived the same idea as Hinz, and since the two hired men preferred idleness and spying to manual labor, they both reported something new every day, that seemed to bode evil, and one day, Kunz's fellow came home and told the ominous story that Hinz had spent the entire day in his arsenal, where he had drawn the bows and tested the spear points.

This was true, for his fear of a sudden attack had increased from day to day, until, finally, he had decided to look after his means of defense.

Kunz spent a sleepless night, when he had heard this report. "O Hinz!" he exclaimed, again and again. "And that Humanus! What scoundrels you are!"

The next day he gathered his men around him and told them what had occurred. "We do not want to be perjurers," he added, "but since Hinz has violated his oath, he must be held to account for it." Having said this, he ordered his men to arm themselves with spears and bows. All the old weapons were hastily repaired. It was in the middle of the harvest, but nobody thought of that.

Now Hinz had a sleepless night. He tossed from one side to the other of the bed, and gave his neighbors and Humanus all the names he could think of. In the morning, he reviewed his force and addressed them, as Kunz had done his men the day before. When it was found that there were not weapons enough to go round, he opened his cash-box, that contained his savings, and sent Hans to the nearest town, to buy what they needed.

Hans had been gone only a few hours, when Kurt, the eldest son of Kunz, came running after him, for the spy had done his duty.

The blacksmith was amazed when both his old patrons came the same day and desired to see him privately, but he accepted it as a blessing of Providence upon his business.

When Kurt asked him what Hans had bought, he replied, "A dozen bows and a dozen spears."

This was not exactly true, but it could, nevertheless, not be said to be a barefaced falsehood, since, under the circumstances, a thrifty tradesman does not regard an exaggeration as unlawful.

"The scoundrel!" was Kurt's exclamation. And then he added, "I must buy a similar supply. What else did he buy?"

"Nothing," said the blacksmith, and that was perfectly true, but after a moment's thought he went on, "that is to say, he did get something else, but that was to be a secret. But, anyhow, since your father is one of my old patrons, I will tell you. He bought also a dozen swords."

Kurt turned pale.

"That proves," he said, "that it is not a question of hunting bears, but peaceful men. I thank you, master. Perhaps you have saved our lives to-day. Send me also a dozen swords, and let them be ground as sharp as razors."

When Kurt had given his order, he went to the lodging, his heart beating rapidly. When Hans came back to the blacksmith, he learned that Kurt had ordered two dozen bows, two dozen spears, and two dozen swords. He almost fainted when he heard this; but he mastered himself as a man, and said, "Let me have as much as he has ordered. When one's life is at stake, one cannot consider the expenses."

The visits of the two boys to the blacksmith shop were repeated, and the wily tradesman played with them until he had induced them to buy his entire stock, and then he began to fear that they would not be able to pay him. And this fear was not unfounded, for, as a matter of fact, they could not pay cash down for all they had ordered, but had to depend on their credit.

When they came home, they were met by women with long faces, who asked them if they now had the kind of peace that would bring prosperity. The men were calmer. "Shall we," they would like to know, "stand defenseless and let them butcher us? Is not our honor worth more than our property and our lives?" "Bravo, Hinz," said those who had listened to him. And at the neighbor's there was heard an equally enthusiastic, "Bravo, Kunz."

The work in the fields was now neglected. Only a few of the men were occupied by the harvest. The others practiced the handling of arms and kept guard. When the autumn rains came, barely half of the crops had been brought in; the rest was rotting in the fields. The two neighbors did not have enough this year for their own needs, and there could be no question of drawing any more from their money-chests, to buy provisions.

But the loss of food was not to be taken into account in the face of the threatening danger. The harvest being over, it was to be expected that the blow would fall any day. All the men went about armed, drinking and shouting, "Long live Hinz!" or, "Long live Kunz!" And that was about all they did. Only when the winter came, they found it necessary to do something else.

Hinz thought he would erect a blockhouse for his men on the border line, so that they should not freeze stiff, while on guard duty. Then Kunz decided that he would build a similar house, and one more. About New Year's day, there were six blockhouses on each side of the line; and when the spring sun melted the winter's snow, there were twelve.

Spring came, but the expected conflict did not materialize. The blacksmith came instead to see if he could not collect what was coming to him, and transact some more business. He went first to Kunz. "Do not think," he said to him, "that I have come to dun you. I cannot deny that I would appreciate a settlement of the account, for it is hard times for us laborers, and the Jews dominate everything, but I must be very careful in my dealings with Hinz. He wants a number of guns, but I can fill his order only when he has paid his old debt and advanced half of the price of the guns."

"Guns," said Kunz, "what are guns?"

The blacksmith showed him one and explained the use of it.

"Merciful heavens!" Kunz exclaimed, "neither bow, nor spear, nor sword can avail against a gun. With such a weapon you can kill one a long distance off, as dead as a smoked herring."

"Certainly," said the blacksmith. "We are advancing in civilization. That is the reason why Hinz wants some of them."

"Very well," Kunz exclaimed, "I order as many as he orders. Here is the money I am owing you, and when you let me know how many that assassin orders, I will pay you half of the price in advance."

The next day Kunz was told that six dozen guns had been ordered, and the honest blacksmith returned home with an order for twelve dozen guns, and nearly all the silver the two neighbors had saved up.

The receipt of the guns was looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation, and when they finally came, they were tried, until many a man was wounded. There was no time now for labor in the fields. The men did not venture out, for fear of being killed by the gunners in the blockhouses. Walls were then constructed between the little forts, and the summer was spent in this necessary work of defense, and when the stock of grain had been exhausted, the last dollar was exchanged for bread.

"We shall soon have another harvest," the men said.

"Yes," assented the women, "but how much can we harvest, when we have sowed so little?"

"But," rejoined the men, "What about the honor? What can we do?"

Well, the women did not know, and when the autumn came, and the harvest was much less abundant than had been hoped, it was possible to calculate just how many more weeks there would be food for the two families.

It was then that Mrs. Hinz had an inspiration. She thought, "I will go and see Mrs. Kunz. She is a mother, and she will not permit anyone in the house to feel the pangs of hunger during this Christmas season."

She went, and received a very friendly welcome. When the two women had exchanged thoughts, they realized that the whole trouble was due to fear. "Praise God!" Mrs. Kunz said, "everything can now be settled. All that is needed is for our husbands to speak reason to each other. If they will do that, they will put their weapons to one side." Before the two women separated, they agreed that they would meet with their husbands under the Peace Oak, on the following Sunday.

But it was not an easy task to bring Hinz and Kunz together, for each of them feared that the other would prepare an ambuscade for him. They were, therefore, not satisfied with carrying weapons themselves when they went to the peace meeting, but each of them gave secret orders to his men to conceal themselves in the brush around the oak. When the two men with their wives met in the open space under the tree, they eyed each other suspiciously, and none would speak the first word. The women had to break the ice, or, rather, begin the conversation about disarmament.

"I am willing," Hinz said, "If Kunz will begin."

"Yes, so that it would be easier for you to butcher me," sneered Kunz.

"You would rather, no doubt, have me take the risk," retorted Hunz.

The negotiations had proceeded so far, when a fly interrupted them by crawling into young Kurt's nose. That gentleman, who was concealed in the brush, began to sneeze. Hinz thought he heard trumpet blasts and felt sure that some kind of a trap had been laid for him, whereupon he whistled a signal to his men. In a moment there was a lively time around the oak. Two armed forces faced each other.

"You miserable hypocrites! You frauds!" Such were the exclamations that now were heard. "What contemptible cravens you are," Hinz hissed.

"You can thank your good fortune," Hinz said, "that the oily-tongued old fellow prevailed upon me to swear that I would not harm you."

"That is spreading it on too thick," Kunz raved. "That old sneak was in collusion with you. It is I that is bound by an oath."

Having given vent to their feelings, they separated, full of wrath, but without actually having engaged in a fight.

This episode did not improve the situation, especially as the pangs of hunger made themselves felt and aggravated the irritation. Expressions of dissatisfaction were frequent now, for most of us lose courage when our stomachs are empty.

(*Continued on page 810*).

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY. DECEMBER 19. 1918.

EDITORIAL.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

AGAIN it is our privilege to express to the readers of the *Star* our sincere wishes that they, one and all, may have a truly happy holiday season. May their Christmas be one of peace and joy, and the new year open with prospects of happiness and progress in every direction.

Christmas is kept by the majority of the people of Christendom in remembrance of the first advent of the Son of God to this world.

It is true that many of the ceremonies observed at this time are of pagan origin, for, in the very early days of the Christian church, a pagan winter festival was adopted by the professed Christians, in a spirit of compromise, and in the same spirit it was retained by some of the Reformed churches, while others denounced it as unscriptural and superstitious. But its pagan origin and significance have been lost sight of, and it has become a festival of "peace on earth, and good-will to men." The presents that gladden the hearts of the children, the tokens of regard and love that friends send to friends, and the gifts of charity and benevolence that are more abundant at this season than at any other, are all so many acts of reverent homage to Jesus Christ, the King. The wise men of the East honored Him by presenting their gifts at His feet; we honor the Christ-child best by honoring Christ's children.

At Christmas time we may forget the bewildering mysteries which two thousand years of befuddled theology have woven around the mission and character of our Redeemer. At this time He comes to us as the Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes and resting at His mother's breast, or in the manger. He comes as one of the human family, one of us, to enter upon a life full of trials, temptations, and sorrows, mingled with the joys of useful activity and self-sacrifice.

For the last few years it has been difficult to observe Christmas with a joyful spirit. War clouds have darkened the horizon. Innumerable homes have been saddened by the untimely death of loved ones, in foreign lands, on blood-drenched battlefields or in the cold, storm-swept deep. Famine and pestilence have visited some parts of the world and completed the desolation wrought by hostile invaders.

But this year it is different. There is every prospect of an early peace, founded on justice, and the knitting together of the nations into a great brotherhood. Marvelous are the events that have taken place recently, in the political realm of Europe. Emperors and kings have been driven from their thrones, and one of them—only yesterday as mighty and as proud as Nebuchadnezzar—is to-day a fugitive from justice, branded by the opinion of the world, not as a "superman" but as a supercriminal.

Russia is broken up into fragments, Germany is humiliated. Austria, as an empire, is wiped off the map. Prussian militarism has bled to death by wounds received from its own victims. And in a short time, representatives of the civilized world will come together and demand justice for all nations, both weak and strong.

If the principles adopted as a basis for the peace terms are finally agreed on, a new world will arise, as the habitation of the next generation.

These principles may be summarized as follows:

"Justice for all nations, even the smallest; the sacredness of the souls of both men and nations, meaning that all men and nations have a right to determine their own destiny; democracy, that is, the rule of the people for the welfare of the world; the lifting up of international relationships to the same level as that which obtains in the relationships between Christian gentlemen everywhere; in place of rivalries in national power, armament, and aggrandizement, co-operative life of the nations under some form of Family or League of Nations; the settlement or taking over by the Family of Nations rather than by any one nation of all problems, all the complaints of injustice, the protection of helpless nations; and finally, the Family of Nations, this League of Free Nations, establishing common courts and common councils of investigation and conciliation, to which all their questions and disputes shall be carried, and considering all matters of armament on land and sea, to see that justice be done, and to keep the peace and order of the world."

This is a glorious program. The outlook before us is bright. Again, let the angels sing their anthem of peace on earth, for never were the prospects before us better than they are now. And let all who have had a part—be it ever so humble—in bringing about the downfall of the reign of terror, join in the heavenly chorus, for their labor, their sacrifices, have not been in vain.

Let us not suppose, however, that the regeneration of the world can be brought about by political reforms alone. There are many interests that are opposed to a universal reign of righteousness and peace, and they are mighty and strong, and have a firm hold on the hearts of men. We must meet these interests by the proclamation of the gospel of Jesus in every part of the world. Statesmen must become His servants. Kings and rulers must lay

their crowns at His feet. Nations must accept Him as their sovereign. His gospel must be our law, our rule of conduct, our standard of life. We are, as yet, very far from this Millennial condition, but we are approaching it, and mankind is nearer the goal than it has ever been before. Let us, therefore, open our hearts and homes to the joy and gladness of the season, and look forward to the final triumph of our Lord Jesus Christ.

J. M. S.

THE TWO QUARRELSOME NEIGHBORS.

(*Concluded from page 807*).

At this time Mrs. Hinz conceived the idea of going to the city and taking Humanus back with her. "Our troubles are due," she said, "to this terrible peace, for which that old fool is responsible. I will ask him to come and absolve you from your oath."

When she had said this, all felt as if a heavy burden had been taken from them. "Bravo, Mrs. Hinz!" they shouted in chorus.

Mrs. Kunz, had, strange to say, been inspired with the same thought, and when Mrs. Hinz, on the road to the city stopped a moment, Mrs. Kunz overtook her, and the two women continued their journey together.

When they arrived at the home of Humanus and stood in his presence, they invited him to accompany them back and see for himself how happy and contented and prosperous the two neighbors were. The old man, generally so wise and cautious, this time fell into the trap. He believed the women and went with them. As soon as they came to the earth-wall Hinz had constructed, he asked, in astonishment, what it was for.

"It is because of the peace," was the answer of Mother Hinz.

"But what about the blockhouses?" was the next question.

"Oh, they are also because we have peace," the woman said.

"But why, then, are the men armed?" Humanus demanded to know.

"Why, because we have peace," the answer came again.

"But why do you all look so gaunt and hungry?" was the next question.

And again Mrs. Hinz answered Humanus that it was on account of the peace.

"But you have not understood me," said the old sage.

At that moment Hinz and his armed men surrounded Humanus.

We have understood you well enough, they cried, and you can go to your friend Kunz for your reward. But we will pay you in a different way, if you do not release us from the obligation of the oath. So saying they flourished their swords in a threatening manner.

Humanus began to tremble.

"But, men!" he said, "Do you not know anything about the progress and blessings of culture?"

"O yes, we do," they replied, "and held the guns before his eyes. "We have paid enough for those blessings."

"Well, but I refer to the prosperity and good morals that peace brings," he explained.

"We know, that, too." they shouted, and then they told him about their present plight.

"It is all owing to misunderstanding," Humanus said. "Let us come together in peace, and I will explain it all to you."

"No," was the reply, "you will not move from this place, until you have released us from that oath."

Finally, however, Humanus was permitted to go and see Kunz, and there he had a reception similar to that from which he had just escaped. He was compelled to spend the cold winter night in the forest, and from his lonely camp he could see the lights in the blockhouses, and once in a while the curses of the men were borne to his ears on the wings of the wind.

In the morning he released the clamoring men from their oath, and as soon as this was done, they shouted for joy, and the next moment they went at each other, fighting like maniacs, while tears of joy were filling their eyes. For three hours they fought, and then they were exhausted, and many were bleeding, but they agreed to have another similar meeting the next day.

Humanus shook his head and wrote in his diary:

"Men are not yet, it seems, prepared for a reign of universal peace."

But this was long ago. It is, let us hope, different now.

From the Danish (*Bikuben*), by J. M. S.

MOLLYCODDLES.

Of that class of people who are mollycoddles, there are several sorts. That sort in the Church proves disgusting to the strong saints, but vexatious to the weak. All should know what mollycoddles are, in order that they may be approached in the right way. It is not to be supposed that they are the same always, nor that all who have the appearance of mollycoddles are really mollycoddles at heart. Nevertheless, there are certain attitudes which characterize some of them. Some of these are herewith submitted.

Some people cannot do anything for others, or for the Lord, unless a friend coaxes them, struggles with them, or commands them. "Behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things," said the Lord, "for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant" (Doctrine and Covenants 58: 26). Contempt for the spirit and meaning of that quotation is characteristic of the average mollycoddle.

When there is a special feature at the meeting-house, there appears an infrequent visitor, who says, "The people do not welcome me here as much as they used to do." "Why do you not come here and engage in doing your share of welcoming our friends?" is asked. "O, I want to be drawn here, not to draw others here." That is the mollycoddle's retort.

There are some good and virtuous people who engage themselves almost entirely in telling the saints what to do and what not to do, yet they will not put themselves in a position to carry responsibilities themselves. They tell the lady missionaries where to tract, yet they themselves will not tract. They recount the number of errors a humble brother made when he preached, yet they will not preach. Of the mollycoddles, these probably manifest the least weakness, but they are mollycoddles none the less.

By the offense of one, some people become the accusers of many. A sister spoke a hard word, and the teacher swore he would no longer hold office. Mollycoddled child!

Do not shun the mollycoddle. He will do you no harm, if you approach him rightly. But while in the presence of a milksop, one must beware lest he condone his effeminate ways. For if one does indulge in caressing him, he will find later that his conscience will buffet him. Conscience will punish anyone who mollycoddles a mollycoddle. When you go to him, wear the armor of hope, and wield the sword of enthusiasm. Be noble. Do not be a mollycoddle.

Leeds. JOSEPH S. NELSON.

A LETTER FROM A FORMER MISSIONARY.

To my many friends in dear old England:—

It will soon be ten years since I last saw you, and yet it seems a much shorter time. Do not think that I have forgotten any of you, as the faces and scenes in that land seem as fresh on my mind as when I left your shores.

The past ten years have brought many changes to your life and to mine. In fact, it has been a very important period in the world's history. I have written to many of you personally, but I think that the uncertainty of the mail service during these perilous times has caused many of your letters and mine to miscarry, and, consequently, I am out of touch with you at the present time except through the *Star*.

I have been a subscriber and reader of the *Star* all the time since I returned home, and eagerly read its pages, taking particular notice of any news items from the Nottingham conference. From this source I learn that many of our sisters are now taking up the work of tracting, which was formerly done by us elders.

To such I would like to say a word of encouragement. Do not ever think that your work is unnecessary, or non-effective. The world at large is gradually, though slowly, absorbing the truths of the gospel. I have seen many instances where an elder has, in a short conversation, converted a soul to one principle of truth, and so others coming later may find a soul thirsting for more.

I will just relate one instance to show how far-reaching some of our efforts are: yet unknown to us.

You will, perhaps, remember that during the year 1907 the Rev. R. J. Campbell published a number of articles on *The New Theology* in the Sunday morning papers, and they caused considerable interest among Latter-day Saints, as well as others. While these articles contained much that was erroneous, they also contained some truth, and more than once we were led to exclaim, "This man has grasped some truth from 'Mormonism.'" One Sunday morning, his subject was pre-existence, and his quotations from the Scriptures and his reasonings were so true and sound that President P. O. King said, "That man has got hold of some 'Mormon' literature." People in the streets were commenting on this new, wonderful truth which the reverend gentleman had found, although so plainly taught in the Scriptures—a truth which they would not have accepted from a "Mormon" elder, or from one of you sisters.

Some months later, while distributing tracts in Old Basdford, I was invited into a home, by a nice, intelligent lady, and she said that she had entertained elders before, who had given her tracts and other literature to read. She said, "I was not particularly interested, but I could never destroy that literature. I kept it in a drawer for years. Finally, my brother from London, during a visit he paid me, found those tracts. 'Why, he exclaimed, they have much truth in them.' I told him that if they were of any use to him, he could have them. He took them all. You, no doubt," she added, "have heard of my brother, the Reverend R. J. Campbell, of the 'Temple,' London, who wrote about the new theology."

The humble elder who left that literature at this home had no idea and has yet no knowledge of how far-reaching some few of those truths were.

Well, I am again in the mission-field, striving in my humble, weak, way to do my part in the spread of truth, and can say truthfully that no work has brought to me the joy and satisfaction that this work does, and my only desire is to do good to my fellow-men, and prove faithful unto the end.

I am again fortunate in having Sister Orme with me to assist in this great work and, naturally, our thoughts, and often our conversation, go back to our former pleasant and happy times in a foreign land, when engaged in the same work as now.

We would be very pleased to hear, at this address, from any of

our many friends, and can assure you of our interest in your welfare, and hope to meet you all again some time. May the Lord preserve us all in the truth, is the prayer of

3715 Tenth St., San Diego, Cal., U.S.A. LAFAYETTE ORME.

A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY.

AT the risk of wearying the readers of the *Millennial Star*, I wish to add another soldier's testimony to the many which have appeared in our mission paper, and to relate a few experiences which have fallen to my lot, in connection with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

A soldier's life may be called a "roving commission." He is never certain of a permanent address, and at each fresh camp in which he arrives, the inevitable question presents itself, "What is your religion?" It has been my experience that very few of the interrogators appear to have heard of the Latter-day Saints, but quite a different effect is produced when I answer that I am a "Mormon." I am usually asked then how many wives I intend to have.

I am proud of the name, and consider it an honor to be called upon to explain what "Mormonism" is. In the training camps in England, and also on active service in France, I realized above everything else, the necessity for living a clean life, so that if we do not always have the opportunity to preach the gospel by word, we can at least prepare the way by showing our comrades that it is possible, even under most trying circumstances, to remain faithful to those Christian ideals which were taught us at our mother's knee. Again, a Latter-day Saint may, all unknowingly, meet someone who has been an enemy of the Church and has persecuted the saints, but by living up to our religion we may be the means of changing that man's idea of "Mormonism," and removing his prejudices. Such has been my experience during the last few months.

Shortly before leaving England for the second time, a chance remark made by one of my companions gave me the opportunity of informing him that I was a "Mormon," and he then told me that he took an active part in the disturbances which occurred a few years ago in Sunderland, Newcastle conference, and that he was one of the number who were subsequently fined in the Sunderland police court for damaging public property. He made the remark that I was the first "Mormon" he had met in the army, and, since our first conversation, he has read several Church publications, including the *Millennial Star*. We are now friends and comrades on active service somewhere in Russia. For the present, there is no fighting in our vicinity, but we are sharing the hardships on active service together. The Lord works in a mysterious way, and it is our duty to take advantage of all opportunities for preaching the gospel.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the saints in the different branches I have been privileged to visit, whilst I have been in various parts of England and Scotland, for the good times I have had with them, and for the kindness they have shown to me whilst I have been many miles from my own folks, and from the branch of which I am a member. It is only an evidence of the spirit which prevails among the Latter-day Saints the world over, and the time will come when peace will once again reign on earth, and we be permitted to come back to our homes and to carry on the grand work which our Lord and Master has entrusted to our care.

"Somewhere in Russia." PRIVATE G. E. GENT.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms.—A baptismal service was held at the little chapel, Gravesend, December 4th, 1918, when one candidate was baptized into the fold of Christ by brother Victor G. Hyde, and confirmed by President James Gunn McKay.

Transfers.—Elders of the British mission were transferred on November 25th, 1918, as follows: Arthur D. Evans, from the Irish to the Manchester conference; Oliver G. Ellis, from the London to the Leeds conference; and Herman K. Danielsen, from the Newcastle to the Irish conference.

Releases and Departures.—President Leroy S. Dickson, of the Nottingham conference, President Lester F. Hewlett, of the Manchester conference, and Elder Harold L. Browning, of the London conference, were honorably released December 10th, 1918, and on that date they left Liverpool, on the steamship *Melita*, bound for St. John, N. B., on their homeward journey.

Appointments.—Elder Evan O. Perkins was appointed president of the Manchester conference, December 7th, 1918, to succeed President Lester F. Hewlett, who was being released to return home.

Elder Charles A. Welchman succeeded Elder Leroy S. Dickson as president of the Nottingham conference on December 4th, 1918, Elder Dickson having been released to return home.

Branch Conference.—A branch conference was held at Manchester, Manchester conference, on Sunday, December 8th, 1918. Two sessions were held. In the afternoon, President Evan O. Perkins, Elder Frederick G. Day, and Brother Thomas Flitcroft were the speakers. In the evening, Elders Harold L. Browning and Arthur D. Evans occupied the time, discoursing upon gospel themes. A spiritual feast was enjoyed by all present.

Socials.—On the 21st of November, 1918, the Portsmouth branch of the London conference held a very enjoyable social at the home of President Robert J. B. Prior. Elders James H. Ludlow and Hugh S. Latimer were in attendance from London. The program was greatly enjoyed by all present.

On November 22nd, 1918, at the Broadway Hall, Hammersmith, London, the Hammersmith Relief Society of the London conference gave a concert and social to raise funds for the poor. The hall was packed, and there were a number of strangers present. Refreshments were served, and the program was well received. Some of the other branches sent representatives.

On Thanksgiving Day, the 28th of November, the saints of the London branches met at Deseret to celebrate the occasion. The hall was decorated. Tables were placed in such a fashion that they formed a huge letter "T," and the tables seated fifty people at a time. The members and friends contributed food, so that when the time arrived, the table presented the appearance of a banquet-board. The program was well received. Especially was interest manifested in the origin of Thanksgiving Day.

On December 4th, 1918, at the little chapel, Gravesend, London conference, a concert was given. The program consisted mostly of musical numbers rendered by members from the London branches.

DIED.

CUSSONS.—On November 1st, 1918, at her home at Nottingham, Sister Mabel Cussons, of pneumonia. Sister Cussons was baptized 16th June, 1915, by Elder John M. Mills, Jr., and confirmed by Elder Jabez E. Neville the same day. She died a faithful Latter-day Saint.

KIMBERLEY.—December 2nd, 1918, of influenza, Brother John William Kimberley. He was born at Whitehaven, Cumberland County, England, September 30, 1871, and was baptized August 7, 1910, by Elder Leroy Duce; he was confirmed the same day by Elder Charles S. Johnson. He died a faithful Latter-day Saint.

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LIVERPOOL:

FOR SALE IN ALL THE CONFERENCES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.